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FOREIGN EXHIBITORS' ENGLISH.

THE English language has been of late undergoing a sad martyrdom amongst us. Its sufferings are displayed not merely in the conversaciones of London and in the halls of the International Exhibition, but in hundreds of placards, catalogues, and circulars connected with that illustrious institution. Our foreigners have truly been busy, breaking, splitting, torturing this troublesome tongue of ours—have, in short, done all but 'spike English.' The French make the oddest display in this way; but the Germans are not far behind them.

Madame Jullienne has invented a girdle or waist-band by which little children may be held while bathing. She first used it for her child Hélène, and therefore she calls it the 'Hélène Jullienne.' She tells us not only that the girdle is efficacious as a sort of holding-rein, but that it 'is apt to give them an amusement which make them delight of bathing, and you are dispensed altogether with watching them in the bath, which gives all security to mothers. Besides, there is the advantage that the child is maintained in the water with is body.' There is also a startling bit of information to the effect that 'the person, the bathing-tub, and the machine are forming one inseparable piece.' M. Payen, who exhibits an elaborate piece of goldsmith's 'work,' which he values at L.6000, says: 'Monsieur Payen's aim has been to unite in one master-piece and to offer, overcome by workmanship, all the difficulties of jewellery, with the desire, which is the ambition of every exhibitor, to contribute within the limit of his means to the triumph of his country.' M. Legal exhibits a sugar-boiling apparatus, of which ten sets are now working; and this ten puzzles him into saying, 'a tenth size of my patent boiler, now working;' one of the merits of the contrivance consists in 'partiender arrangements for certain filsh by means of a conductor which enables the matter to be drawn off.'

M. Berthelot, who exhibits a new kind of hosiery-frame, wishes to say that it will operate equally well upon different kinds of fibre, but, embarrassed by a troublesome adverb, he tells us that 'this new system works indistinctly cotton, greasy and combed wool, flax, and silk.' He, moreover, tells us that his 'workshops are moved by steam.' M. Mertens, in describing his flax-dressing machine, tells us that

it is worked by 'young girls and boys;' that the flax passes through rollers 'wanting half a horsepower;' that it works up so many 'hundredweight' of scutched flax, and so many 'hundredweight' of raw flax per day; and finally, that 'it is entirely foreseen to prevent any putting out of order or losing of time by unskilfulness of the employed persons, which can be caused to the machine, or by the waste which rolls itself easily.' MM. Neubarth and Longtain, having invented a new cloth-shearing machine, and written a description of it in French, have been unfortunate in their attempt to obtain a parallel translation in English; for instead of informing us that the machine has a cutting width of 1.600 metres, the placard startles us with the information that 'the cutting length of this machine is 1760 yards.' M. Verney has a weighing-machine which he characterises inscrutably as 'articulation with swipe;' his postscript, however, 'any letter to be stamped,' is not so far removed from our 'all letters must be post-paid.' M. Pinart, in describing a new process of enamel-painting, is pretty lucky in his spelling, but stumbles sadly in his final bit of logic: 'The aforesaid practical difficulties, as well as the serious consequences which the artist is exposed to, by any ill success, the least of which is the complete destruction of a long and hard work, will give to those productions the importance they deserve.'

The 'Imperial Royal' dominions of the Emperor of Austria send over a vast number of interesting articles, most of which are described (if in English at all) in better English than that adopted by French and Belgian exhibitors. Sometimes, however, the writers have been embarrassed not a little. The mineral waters of Krynica in West Galicia are described, and then we are told that 'the sale of this water accords with his therapeutic importance, and great quantities may be despatched, as the affluence amounts in twenty-four hours to three hundred thousand pounds of Vienna.' Of the springs from which the mineral waters of Rohitsch in Styria rise, we are told that 'four are employed to bathes, and only the mightiest of them is drunken;' and that 'all these springs contain many Glauber-salt.' These and several other mineral waters are said, with a beautiful confusion of words, to be 'exposed by the principal warehouse to the "Blue Hedgehog" in Vienna.' Ignatz Holzer, having some kind of hardbake or sweetstuff to submit for public

favour, describes it in the following way, innocently unconscious, doubtless, of any whimsical effect: 'Most good preserving wine-and-tea baking, called Vienna wine-and-tea-stake. This baking distinguished by its exquisite aroma, swift dissolubility and his property to advance the digestion, is extra, ordinary fitted for being taken with wine, tea, and punch.' Anton Simon of Vienna, in announcing his biscuits, is hardly aware of the unpleasant import of the designation 'Finest children biscuits.' There is a sort of grandiloquence in Joseph Max Ripka's description of a new dye-drug: 'The enormous prices of natural argol have been the motive to seek an equivalent for this article replacing perfectly the last. By our succedaneum of argol the above mentioned scope is obtained. Excepted many advantages which the diers may easily find by employing our succedaneum of argol, the principal gains by using our production are the following, &c. Charles Behr, proprietor of the petrified wares of Carlsbad, describes the mode of their production in the following choice English: 'They are not cuted, and not graved, but formed by stopping or precipitation of chalk, containing carbonate, like that of the bubbling fountains of Carlsbad, and are produced: by exposition of elastic forms, to the perpetual overflow of mineral water. It arise, by and by, over the called form, a crust, of wich, when this enough, the form must be put away, by softening in water-steam; and than the relief is ready. These stoppings gains a high interest, not only in the scientific, but also in the artificial reference, because all models are masterly carried. As little stoppings are the same god to be put in metal in broches for ladies; further, if the same are in greater dimensions as medaillons, and if they are in frames, also for decoration of rooms, because always producing an according piece.' Englishmen acquainted with German will easily perceive the curious way in which most of these blunders arise.

Dr Pfefferman tells us that his 'water for the mouth is an article of the toilet answering the requisites of a rational care conducive to health.' The Austrian Apollo-candle Company contrive to make their queer English inform us that there are tricks of trade at Vienna as well as in London: 'On account of the great renoumé, that our candles enjoy everywhere, several candle manufacturers in order to draw benefit from the circumstance—serve themselves of the same orange-colour paper which we use for the packing of the Apollo candles since 1839—imitate and complete so exactly their etiquettes and binding to ours, that the public is in consequence, easily misled.' Something similar is the caution put forth by Dr Julius Janell concerning his anatherin water, which has 'lately given the impulse to many spurious imitations. The latter have been set forth with a quack-like train of eulogical commendations, but their inferior quality not allowing them to enter into serious competition with my anatherin water, counterfeiters tried to imitate the shape of my flasks, and carried the mystification so far as to give their production the name of anathalia water.'

The Austrian and Hungarian advertisements, drawn up in three languages, have the French far more accurate than the English. M. Paneth of Vienna, after describing his exhibited wines very fairly in French, scrambles through the English in the following way: 'I have received permission to forward there wines to the Exhibition in smal cask instead of bottles because I wish to convince the jury that the wines, through my own especial method of cultivation, moy lay in the Exhibition building, during the hottest season of the year, without losing their taste or quality—all other wines, namely those intended for the jury lay in docks. The above prices are to be accepted as if the Austrian bank-notes had no cours therefore the buyers gain the standing cours—as for instance from

the above nemed prices, according to the present, cours more thon ond third.' (We may state here that some of the Austrian wine catalogued by Paneth is as low as a shilling per gallon—the same as London beer 'in your own pots.') Kanzelbauer's 'Belly or Lower Stomach Girth' is described in a hand-bill, of which we cannot make much use, because the maladies of the body are set forth in rather too homely and direct a way for English taste; we will therefore only mention that the inventor 'things it his duty to informe the honorable public, that all the above mention ed sufferings, are caused through nothing els than, the elastiatty of the stomach.'

The northern states of Germany try hard to present themselves in passable good English, but not always with success. M. Schering, a manufacturing chemist, states that all his photographic chemicals 'were brought forth with greatest conscientiousness in an equally pure and superior quality, so that, whenever indirectly, my preparations gained credit, not only throughout Germany, but also in all European and a great deal of transatlantic countries; the demand of these articles being actually great and, I dare say, daily increasing, I am obliged to think repeatedly of an adequate extent of my laboratories.' The exhibitor of a new kind of wall-paper at Hanover announces that 'the apply of the invention is cheaper and more like nature, than all matters of this kind, made till now. This resemblance to nature even remains in the stoutest amplification by a microscope or lump. The business can be urged very well in a large scale, because one may employ workmen without any preparation even children for the fabrication of it. However the proper manner of performing, the secret itself can be preserved. The sending away of the manufacture is to be done in sheets, and is therefore very easy. The secret is to sell.' August Mühle of Pirna informs us that he 'takes himself leave to recommend following sorts of feltwares;' and Carl Fröhling announces that at his establishment 'all other kind of feltware are to be have to the lowest price.' Henning Ahrens, in reference to willow and cane furniture, talks pleasantly of 'children cheerers,' and 'sopha's for 2 persons look at No. 22 L1, 4s. 0d.,' he ends with 'mordorate terms at large ordres.'

SCHEMES FOR EMBANKING THE THAMES.

THOSE who have attended to the recent parliamentary discussions concerning the embankment of the Thames, must be aware that this matter is not now brought forward for the first time; but even persons who are tolerably versed in the subject are but imperfectly acquainted with the amazing number of schemes which have been brought forward, and the length of time consumed in their discussion.

After the Great Fire in 1666, Sir Christopher Wren made an earnest endeavour to rebuild the city in such a way as to provide an open quay or terrace along the north bank of the Thames. This terrace was to begin eastward at the Tower, and extend westward to the Temple. In those days, there was only one bridge over the river in or near the metropolis, and such a terrace was much more easy to construct than at the present time. As to the part westward of the Temple, it was more like country than town, and needed no terrace. Handsome commercial buildings were to extend along the greater portion of Wren's terrace, with small docks at Bridewell, Queenhithe, Dowgate, and Billingsgate. Private interests, however, overbore public advantage. Wren, as 'surveyor-general and principal architect,' was obliged to abandon the main features of a beautiful and comprehensive plan for rebuilding the city; and all that he could effect, in relation to the improvement of the river-bank, was to obtain an act of parliament forbidding the building of outhouses or sheds within a certain distance of the

water's edge. By degrees, this prohibition became nugatory; the owners of river-side property, by favour or by bribery, appropriated the river-margin between their premises and the river, and built out wharfs, jetties, and quays; and thus the river-bank began to assume the condition which is now so grievously familiar to us. Citizens, as individuals, continued to overpower citizens as members of the community; nothing was done to remove the obstructions: on the contrary, the wharf-like appearance of the river-side became more and more decided. During the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Anne, George I., and George II., no public bodies had spirit enough even to propose a remedy for this state of things. Shortly after the accession of George III., Mr Gwynne published, in his *London and Westminster Improved*, a remarkably bold scheme for improving the metropolis generally: including a plan for quays on both sides of the river, for carriages and foot-passengers, sixty feet in width; with another portion of equal width to serve as a series of landing-quays, bordered by rows of houses. As he alone was earnest in the matter, and as no one came forward with capital, the scheme fell to the ground. In 1767, the corporation expended a little money in making a kind of contiguous wharf, as a substitute for a quay or terrace, for a few hundred yards east and west of Blackfriars Bridge, at that time under construction; but it was a very slight affair, being only supported on timber-posts. In 1770, Messrs Adam began the construction of Adelphi Terrace, a lofty embankment of rather a remarkable kind—opposed at every step by the city authorities, who contrived to hunt up 'vested interests' of various kinds.

Thus matters continued until the present century. Sanitary reformers were not so strong then as they are now; nevertheless, there were many enlightened persons who felt that it was a disgrace to a wealthy city to retain its river-banks in such an unsightly condition, with no public walks such as exist at the sides of continental rivers. About 1806, a committee of the House of Commons was for the first time appointed to inquire into this matter. The civil engineers of the day were examined, and were invited to suggest plans for embanking the Thames. They measured the width and depth of the stream, the force of the current, and other elements likely to affect the question. Mr Jessop submitted a scheme for a river-wall at some distance in front of the then existing shore, and for filling up the space behind the wall with mud dredged from the bed of the river. The depth of the river would be increased by the dredging, and by the narrowing consequent on the building of the wall; while the new land, obtained from the river behind the line of wall, would acquire great commercial value as building-ground, or as land available for diverse purposes. It is surprising, seeing the similarity of this plan to those recently brought forward, that more than half a century has elapsed since Jessop formed his scheme, and that here we are, in 1862, still without a Thames embankment. Jessop's plan, as further elaborated by Mr Mylne, was really a very complete one, so far as concerns the city portion of the river-side. There was to be an embankment from Blackfriars Bridge to the Tower, with wharfs and warehouses built thereon. All the shoals were to be deepened uniformly, both to improve the navigation and to supply material for filling-in behind the wall. The corporation was to execute the work, and it was calculated that the value of the reclaimed land would repay the whole cost. The committee reported very favourably of the scheme, but nothing resulted from it.

Not until 1824 was public spirit sufficiently aroused to take up again the scheme of a Thames embankment. This time it was a member of Parliament who set to work; and whenever the day comes

for us to take a pleasant walk from Westminster to Blackfriars, with a clean river by our side, a word of thankful remembrance must be claimed for Sir Frederick Trench—albeit he himself met with nothing but disappointment in reference to the matter. In 1824, Sir Frederick brought forward a plan for embanking the Thames from London Bridge to Westminster, with a road-way extending the whole distance. The works were to be done by a joint-stock company, but with the concurrence of the crown and the corporation. The bill was rejected in the House of Commons. Sir Frederick then held a remarkable meeting in the Merchant Taylors' stage-barge, moored off the Adelphi; it was attended by the Duke of York and a large number of the aristocracy—including that ever-green statesman over whom time passes so lightly, and who discussed Thames improvements in 1824, as he does in 1862—Lord Palmerston. Trench explained to the assembled company a slightly altered plan; and it is really worth while to attend to it, while the vexed Whitehall and Westminster wrangle of 1862 is still in our memory. Trench proposed an embankment from London Bridge to Scotland Yard, eighty feet wide, with a carriage-way and two footpaths; an embankment from Scotland Yard to Westminster Bridge, a hundred and ten feet wide, with a terrace-crescent of elegant houses; a basin of seven or eight acres behind the embankment, for docks and other commercial purposes; and three or four lines of street or road from the embankment to the Strand. Architecturally, it was a fine plan; but opinions naturally differed as to its commercial success, which was to be derived from ground-rents and wharf-dues. No sooner was the plan clearly set before the public, than a storm of opposition arose from coal-merchants, wharfingers, quay-proprietors, ferry-owners, and others interested in river-frontage. Committee after committee was formed; concession after concession was made; but the exterior force was too strong; and Sir Frederick Trench had the mortification of seeing his favourite scheme frustrated, and one to which he seems to have been led solely by a wish for the public good.

In 1831, for the first time, the city authorities took up this matter on their own responsibility. They asked Sir John Rennie and Mr Mylne to report on some practicable scheme of embanking so much of the river-side as came under corporate control. The engineers drew up a report concerning narrowing and deepening the river, building an embankment-wall, and reclaiming the muddy expanse behind it; but their estimates contained no items for compensation; and the corporation, after a little further stir in the matter in 1832, 'backed out' of the matter. A parliamentary committee which sat in 1835, in relation to rebuilding the Houses of Parliament, settled on the plan which resulted, ultimately, in the construction of that fine terrace with which we are now familiar, and which may perchance some day form part of a general embankment.

In 1840, a new series of movements began. The corporation, having just that modicum of conscience which usually falls to the lot of corporate bodies, felt a little the reproaches which were directed against it for supineness. A bold plan was brought into parliament for embanking *both* sides of the river all the way from London Bridge to Vauxhall—a scope which few of our projectors now even venture to hint at. Mr Walker the engineer prepared the plans. He found that the Thames varies from 600 to 1480 feet in width at different spots within the assigned limits; and he proposed to contract the width so that it should in no place exceed 870 feet. This contraction, and the removal of shoals, would greatly improve the flow of the river. The embankment-wall, on the Middlesex side, was to be made continuous with the terraces in front of the Houses of Parliament and the Milbank Penitentiary. The space reclaimed behind it

was not all to be converted into solid ground; there were to be tidal and floating basins for barge-traffic, with water-passages underneath the embankment. The scheme was really a grand and complete one, but it fell to nothing. Nor did any greater success attend a new plan proposed by Sir Frederick Trench in 1841, in which he endeavoured to combine the excellences of his old idea with those of Mr Walker's.

There came a very busy group of schemes during the years 1842, 1843, and 1844. A royal commission was appointed in the first of the three years to inquire into various proposed metropolitan improvements; and during its lengthened sittings, numerous plans for embanking the Thames were brought under notice. Some of the plans were rather peculiar; but there was a certain family-likeness in the whole of them. Sir Frederick Trench, undaunted by the various failures of nearly twenty years, proposed the construction of an embankment such as Mr Walker had suggested in 1840, with a railway supported above it on iron columns fourteen feet high, a covered-walk on the embankment under the railway, and a carriage-way on either side of the walk. Mr Walker altering his old plans to meet new suggestions, proposed an embanked quay, four feet above high-water level, broken by four recesses, to give access to a water-area behind, with a dwarf piling in front of each recess, and in a line with the quay; without, however, any roadway for carriages. Mr Martin had a bold scheme comprising three improvements—a great sewer to carry off much of the London drainage down to an agricultural manure-dépôt somewhere near Limehouse; a line of quay above the sewer, with colonnaded wharfs at certain spots to land merchandise, without disturbing the continuity of the quay; a terrace for foot-passengers above the quay, and a mode of equalising the depth of the river by sub-weirs. Mr Page (whose new Westminster Bridge has since brought him so much fame) proposed a continuous embankment, with water-openings crossed by bridges on the same level; and, behind the embankment, a series either of tidal docks or of locked basins. All these plans underwent much scrutiny; and it was believed by the commissioners that Mr Page's seemed to promise most advantages. It may be interesting to notice, in further elucidation of this scheme, that the engineer proposed to lessen the width of the river at various places; that his embankment would extend from Blackfriars Bridge to Whitehall Gardens; that there were to be two roadways to lead to it, from Whitehall Place and Norfolk Street, supported on pillars; that there was to be a continuous water-way behind the whole length of embankment for boats and barges; and that the expense, estimated at £300,000, was to be defrayed by an extra 3d. per ton of coal-tax, to last till 1861.

The unlucky Thames was doomed to a yet longer period of discomfort. Mr Page's well-wishers were strong but not strong enough to overcome the numerous opponents who start up against all such schemes. The recommendations of the commissioners came to naught; and another period of many years' inaction commenced.

In 1855, railway people went nearly crazy in advocating continuous lines of railway through the metropolis; and many of these railways were to be connected with embankments of the river. Embankments with roadways over them, and railways by the side of them; embankments with foot-esplanades under a glass roof; embankments with railways under them, in the form of tunnels; embankments with railways over them, supported by iron columns; embankments with a railway on them, connected with other rails, to extend to the Great Western system at the one end, and the Blackwall line at the other—all were rendered specious enough, at least on paper. Mr Bird's plan was a remarkable

one. There was to be an embankment from Scotland Yard to Southwark Bridge, supporting a carriage-road on iron columns. Within, and twelve feet below the level of the embankment was to be a railway, enclosed within retaining walls; the level of the railway was planned so as to go under the end-arches of Hungerford, Waterloo, and Blackfriars Bridges; and there would be a basin behind the embankment, entered by aqueduct locks crossing *above* the railway. Ingenious as were, doubtless, some of these schemes, a parliamentary committee rejected the whole of them.

The year 1860 was that which introduced the scheme so hotly contested in recent debates. The Metropolitan Commissioners of Works had, two or three years earlier, obtained permission to carry out the main drainage scheme (now in active progress). The experience obtained in other parts of the metropolis shewed that it would be a dreadful nuisance to construct the low-level sewer in the line originally intended—that is, under the roadway of the Strand, Fleet Street, &c., by means of gaping cuttings or numerous shafts thirty or forty feet below the street-level; the injury and inconvenience to commerce thereby would be almost incalculable. Some one suggested—'Let us carry out this low-level sewer into the river itself, and construct it and an embankment at the same time.' The idea was too good to be lost, and it has not been lost. A committee was appointed in 1860 to examine witnesses thereon, and the names of Fowler, Glaborne, Bird, Sewell, Bidder, Stephenson, Edmeston, Harrison, Bazalgette, Hemans, and Page are to be found among the list of engineers who racked their brains on the occasion. The schemes themselves we need not describe, for they revived the old ideas over and over again, with the addition of a vast sewer under the line of embankment. The committee recommended some such plan as that of Mr Bazalgette's, to be carried out by the Metropolitan Board of Works. The newspaper reader knows the rest.

Thus we have been, from 1666 to 1862, nearly two hundred years, talking about embanking the Thames, and have not yet got out of the region of talk into that of action.

THE BLOTTING-PAD.

'PLEASE, sir, that young person's called again,' said Emma the housemaid.

'Ah!' answered Mr Randall, as he deposited his umbrella in the stand, and proceeded to remove his mud-spattered gaiters. Mrs Tozer, who was coming down stairs from her bedroom with the last volume of *Adam Bede* in her hand, overheard both remarks.

'Emma!' said she, as Mr Randall passed through the back-door into the little garden to take one fond look before dinner at his cherry-tree, on which five excrescences like large green pease were visible—'Emma!'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Where is Mr Tozer?'

'He's not come in from his Turkish bath yet, ma'am.'

'Hm! where is your mistress?'

'Hupstairs with Miss Judkins, ma'am.'

'Oh! the dressmaker. Emma,' continued Mrs Tozer in a low confidential tone, 'who was that young person that called on Mr Randall?'

'I'm sure I don't know, ma'am,' replied the servant volubly. 'The first time she come here, she was with master ever so long in the parlour, and she went out crying.'

'Nice-looking?' inquired Mrs Tozer.

'She was what some might call nice-looking,' replied Emma with a slight toss of her head.

'Well dressed?'

'Well, ma'am, she was decently dressed enough, but there was no style about her—only a plain straw bonnet, and ever so little crinoline.'

Here the return of Mr Randall from the garden put an end to the colloquy. Emma retired to the kitchen, while Mrs Tozer sailed into the drawing-room.

'Well, uncle,' said Alfred Randall as the party were comfortably seated at dinner, 'how do you get on with the bathing?'

'Capitally, my dear boy,' replied Mr Tozer. 'I look upon Urquhart as the greatest benefactor of the present generation. I should like to see a statue of him in Trafalgar Square, with a what's his name in his hand.'

'A what's his name?' asked Mrs Randall.

'I mean one of those things the Romans used to scrape themselves with.'

'Mr Tozer, how can you!' said Mrs Tozer reproachfully.

'Oh! a *strigil*,' exclaimed Alfred with a laugh. 'But do you think you are losing flesh?'

'My dear,' interrupted Mrs Tozer, 'I'm sure you're fatter than ever, and your face is dreadfully red.'

'My love,' rejoined her husband, 'you're getting unpleasantly personal. 'Krakbax, my rubber, says it's entirely owing to the removal of the useless epidermis—you see the natural tint of the skin.'

'Well, for taking down superfluous flesh, there's nothing like regular drill,' said Alfred; 'why don't you join the Volunteers, uncle?'

'Too stout, my boy,' sighed Mr Tozer, patting himself below the bosom. 'I couldn't stand that skirmishing business. Double-quick march, drop on your knee, and fire; I should never get up again. I should remain in a supplicatory attitude for the rest of my life, unless helped up by the adjutant.'

Mrs Tozer watched her nephew narrowly during dinner-time, fancying she perceived an air of distraction and anxiety beneath his apparent hilarity of manner.

At length the ladies retired to the drawing-room, while the gentlemen sat awhile over a modest bottle of claret.

'Uncle Harry, you're a good-natured man,' said Alfred.

'Fat does not always imply good-nature—why do you make the remark?'

'Because I want you to do me a favour.'

'Money, of course?'

'Yes.'

'How much?'

'A very moderate sum—thirty pounds for three months.'

'My dear boy, I can't do it without asking Mrs Tozer.'

'That's just what I don't want. Aunt is an excellent creature, but deeply infected, my dear uncle, with the feminine weakness of curiosity.'

'She is indeed,' sighed Mr Tozer. 'Then it's for a secret purpose?'

'Well, in some respects,' said Alfred colouring—'it's an act of charity.'

'You see, my boy,' answered Mr Tozer, 'the state of the case is this: both our incomes are very limited. Mine, less income-tax, is three hundred and fifty per annum; yours, from the Assurance Company, two hundred. Your aunt considers our living with you a material assistance, although'—

'Can't you let me have the thirty pounds in advance for your board and lodging?'

'Alfred, I must confess to you a melancholy fact—I am a henpecked man. Not a cheque do I venture to draw without submitting it to your aunt. Mrs Tozer's of a most jealous disposition, and she would fancy, if she spied an unknown draft for thirty pounds in the pass-book, that it was to pay for Star and Garter dinners to ballet-dancers, or some such absurdity. I deeply lament,' continued Mr Tozer, 'that we have never had a family. If I had had half a score of boys and girls, instead of vegetating on this miserable funded property, I should have gone

on working away in the city. A true Englishman should die in harness. And the worst of it is, I get no sympathy. When I go down to my old haunts in the city, everybody says: "Ah, Tozer, what a jolly-looking, comfortable, lucky fellow you are! No brats to bother you, no business to worry you—don't I envy you!" Alfred, at times I feel desperate, as if I should like to break loose, plunge into scenes of low life, and defy your aunt! Well, my boy, I'll think over this money-matter to-morrow.'

To-morrow came, and the family were seated at breakfast, when the postman's double-knock was heard at the door.

'Let me be postman!' cried little Harry Randall, racing out to the front-door, and taking the letters from Emma. He ran in, and knocked an imitation double-knock at the parlour-door.

'Come in,' said Mrs Randall.

'I'm penny-postman—I'm penny-postman!' exclaimed Harry, distributing the letters impartially among the company, without regard to their addresses.

'Harry, this is for your papa,' said Mrs Tozer, handing back a remarkably dirty letter which the little boy had given her: 'dear me, it smells like a stable!'

'Oh!' murmured Alfred, deep in the *Daily Telegraph*, and apparently not heeding the last remark. He thrust the letter unopened into his pocket, and went on reading.

After breakfast, Mrs Tozer retired to the bow-window with *Adam Bede* in her hand, and began to play with little Harry.

'So you'd like to be a postman, Harry?'

'Yes, Aunt Susan.'

'Why?'

'Because they're dressed like soldiers. Emma knows a soldier; I saw him in the kitchen, and he taught me to do this,' said Harry, making a military salute.

'But a postman isn't a gentleman, Harry.'

'Would papa shake hands with me if I was a postman?' asked Harry, in a melancholy tone.

'Why, what a funny question,' said his aunt laughing.

'But a postman's better than a cabman,' continued Harry.

'O yes,' replied Mrs Tozer decisively, with a shuddering recollection of sundry battles-royal with members of that fraternity.

'Well, Emma and me saw papa shake hands with a cabman in the Alpha Road, and Emma said: "My patience, if ever I see the likes of that!"'

'Now, Harry, no more play; run and get your lesson-book.'

Harry scampered off, while Mrs Tozer glanced over the edge of *Adam Bede* at Mr Randall, who was busily reading the dirty letter. He put it in his pocket, then drew the blotting-pad towards him, and began to write. He folded, enveloped, and stamped what he had written, put it also into his pocket, and in a quarter of an hour left the house for the city.

As soon as she heard the front-door slam, Mrs Tozer rose. She was a well-meaning woman, but full of curiosity, and prone, from an habitual taste for novel-reading, to look for mysteries in the most common-place matters. She went to the table and examined the blotting-pad. Alfred's letter had been written with a quill pen and rather thick ink, and a good portion of it was distinctly impressed on the blotting-paper. She could make out that it was in answer to an urgent demand for money; but the commencement of the letter was what filled her with the greatest astonishment—'My dear Rose.' The address of the envelope was illegible, save the last words, 'Lisson Grove.' She shut *Adam Bede*, and, utterly forgetful of the sorrows of Hetty, remained with her chin upon her hand for some moments in deep cogitation.

'My dear, any commands?' said Mr Tozer, entering the room with hat and stick. 'I'm going for a constitutional round the Regent's Park;' and Mr Tozer span his hat round on his stick.

'Tozer,' said his wife, 'you're a perfect child. Ah, I wish I had your spirits! My love,' continued she, with unwonted softness, 'I want to speak to you.'

Mr Tozer placed two chairs in the centre of the room, then striking an attitude, exclaimed, with a strong theatrical twang: 'Madam, say on. Some fifteen years have passed away'—

'Nonsense, Tozer; I begin to think you've been at the cherry brandy. What I want to know is this: have you observed anything curious about Alfred lately?'

'I noticed he wore a paper collar yesterday, which you won't allow me to do, although, I assure you, they're far cheaper.'

'Mr Tozer, you're distracting. I speak seriously on a serious subject; now answer me!'

'Well, no. I can't say. Hm—I thought he was rather strange in his manner about that letter this morning.'

'Ha!' said his wife, 'so I thought. My dear Henry,' she continued in an awful voice, 'that letter was from a woman!'

'By jingo!' cried Mr Tozer, leaping up, 'you don't say so; that accounts for the loan.'

'Tozer, you've not lent Alfred money,' said his wife sternly.

'Well, my love'—

'Tozer, you have; let me see your cheque-book.'

'My dearest, on my honour, I've not; he only asked me'—

'And you refused, of course.'

'Of course I did,' said Tozer valiantly.

'Were it not for poor Ellen, and the assistance we are to them in their housekeeping, I should go at once into furnished lodgings,' continued Mrs Tozer; 'but'—

'But are you sure of his guilt?' faltered Mr Tozer.

'Mr Tozer, in this world we are sure of nothing; but although I am a woman, I have brains, and a web of circumstantial evidence is lowering over poor Alfred's head, which may blow his character to pieces,' answered Mrs Tozer, distorting her metaphors. 'Thus much I may tell you: a woman, Christian name Rose, surname unknown, has twice called here on Alfred. She was seen in tears after an interview with him; she writes to him for money; he replies in affectionate terms; finally (to judge from the odour of her letter), she lives in a mews near Lisson Grove.'

Mr Tozer kissed his wife's hand, in pure admiration of her intellect. 'My dear Susan, I'm not worthy of you; you ought to have married the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Well, I must be off to combat corpulence with brisk exercise.'

After he had got clear of the street, and out of the range of his wife's vision, Mr Tozer did not go into the Regent's Park, but turned his steps towards the city; in fact, he was determined to unravel this mystery unaided. His principal motive was to clear Alfred's character, for he could not believe that he was guilty of anything beyond some slight imprudence, but he was also not without a secret hope, perhaps, that his investigations might lead him into scenes of 'life,' from which he had been hitherto excluded. His plan of action was extremely simple. After walking leisurely into the city, he took up his quarters at the 'Green Dragon,' a respectable hotel and eating-house, the bow-windows on the first floor of which commanded a view of the entrance to his nephew's office. Here he took dinner, and then sat for two mortal hours, feeling like a sentinel on duty, with his legs on a second chair, a long pipe in his mouth, and a glass of warm gin and water at his side.

'This is not the way to decrease obesity,' thought

he; 'but I may have some rough work before me, and nature must be supported.'

At half-past four Alfred emerged from his office, little aware of the pair of Argus eyes which were watching his movements through a cloud of tobacco smoke, at the 'Green Dragon.' Mr Tozer haying, with praiseworthy acuteness, paid the waiter beforehand, descended the stairs with marvellous agility. Alfred strolled westward, taking the Holborn route. Mr Tozer followed at about twenty yards' distance, feeling, as he afterwards confessed, very like a French spy; in constant terror lest Alfred should turn round and recognise him, to avoid which he was perpetually watching his nephew's head, and springing aside into courts and alleys, or squeezing himself against shop-doors, whenever it showed the least symptom of retroversion. As the Randalls lived in Camden Town, Mr Tozer felt that Alfred's movements, on arriving at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, would decide whether he was going straight home. To his surprise, and, it must be confessed, his secret joy, the object of his pursuit steered due west, along Oxford Street. His pace became slower and slower, his bearing more objectless.

'No fear of his taking a cab,' thought the uncle. Several times Alfred consulted his watch. 'An appointment for which he's too early,' surmised his acute pursuer.

Mr Tozer was growing weary. He could endure steady walking as well as most stout gentlemen, but a slow, crawling, hanging-about-kind-of pace knocked him up. Alfred began to stare at every photographer's shop on the way, his unfortunate uncle, afraid to come so near as to peer into the same window, hung in the rear, pretending to take the deepest interest in babies' underclothing, or staring like an overgrown school-boy at the tarts in a pastry-cook's. At last, Alfred reached the corner of Marylebone Lane, up which tortuous avenue he listlessly turned. Mr Tozer followed cautiously, his flagging energies invigorated by this change in the line of route. Presently, a Hansom cab appeared in view, empty, and driven languidly along. The moment the driver perceived Alfred, he drew up to the kerbstone. Alfred jumped into the cab, and was at once driven slowly away, in the direction of Paddington.

'This is no accidental cabman,' said Mr Tozer, as, with panting breath and purple face, he pursued the fugitive vehicle. 'O lor!' he gasped, 'I'm done for. I couldn't run it for a thousand pounds!'

Just then a Clarence cab passed, also going towards Paddington.

'Cabman! for mercy's sake, stop!' roared Mr Tozer, waving his hat convulsively.

The driver looked astonished, and drew up to the pavement.

'Cabman! I'll give you half a sovereign; I want you to follow that Hansom.'

'Lor bless you, sir, I'm choke-full of ladies for the G. W. R.!'

'Cab-driver, what is the matter?' said a frightened female with corkscrew curls, thrusting her head from the window.

'Nothin', mum; you're in plenty of time for the seven o'clock train—only a friend of mine, mum; jump on the box, sir.'

'There he goes!' shouted Mr Tozer as the Hansom turned the next street-corner.

The driver of the Clarence whipped his horse, and soon caught up the Hansom, which was going along in a very leisurely manner.

'There—not too near,' said Mr Tozer; 'keep about twenty yards behind him.'

'Why,' said the cabman, 'it's No. 2001, that's what it is. I don't mean his vehicle—I mean hisself. He's a man we call Philip the Scholar.'

'Ay,' replied Mr Tozer, all attention.

'You see he's a man as has had a good education; still, there he is driving a cab; and not given to drink neither. Why, I'm blest if he ain't going to the club,' added the driver as the Hansom crossed the Marylebone Road, and turned up Lisson Grove. The Clarence followed.

'Driver, driver!' screamed the elderly lady from the interior, 'this is shameful! I shall call a policeman. You are not going to the railway station.'

'Lor bless your 'art and soul!' said the cabman, leaning beseechingly from his box, but not slackening his pace, 'if I don't get you in time for the seven train, I'll eat my horse, nosebags and all, let alone never asking you for my fare. It's only a particular friend of mine.'

Mr Tozer winced slightly at the cabman's insinuation of intimacy, especially as the ladies inside vented some very disagreeable remarks on his compulsion; however, he bore it all calmly, and said: 'What club do you mean?'

'Why, the United "Marylebone and Paddington Cab-drivers' Provident and Discussion Club" meets every Vensday, arf-past six. I'm blest if Philip ain't going there!'

As he said this, the Hansom cab turned up a narrow archway next to a public-house, apparently leading to the stables.

'Here, cabman,' cried Mr Tozer, 'take this sovereign, and exchange hats and coats. I would rather,' he said mildly, looking at the driver's frouzy head, 'you did not wear my hat.'

'Cert'ly not, sir. It'll be as safe as the Bank in the boot. So you're going into the club like a cabby, eh, sir? Well, that will be a queer start. But you don't know the word.'

'The word?'

'Why, I mean to pass you in. When the door-keeper says to you "Graff and Squawker," you say back to him "Chickweed and Sparrergrass," and don't you let out as I let on to you, sir, or some on 'em will be punching my head.'

'All right—all right,' said Mr Tozer, jumping down. 'Come back here, and wait for me.'

'Oh, don't I wish I could see a policeman,' cried the indignant lady inside, as the cabman drove away.

Mr Tozer entered the public-house and asked for the club-room. The barmaid shewed him the way.

'One of the old school,' smiled she to a customer.

'Reg'lar antediluvian?' said a half-tipsy shoe-maker.

'Tony Weller himself!' remarked a spruce clerk, who was indulging in a glass of bitters.

Mr Tozer reached the club-room, received and gave the required shibboleth, and then sat down modestly as far back as possible, and in the darkest corner he could find.

This room was like most other public-house club-rooms, long and narrow, with an infinity of chairs, and a long table running down the centre, while the walls were ornamented with several exceedingly obtrusive likenesses in oil of sundry landlords and landladies living or dead. The more energetic and influential members of the club were seated at the table, the more indolent or modest (as Mr Tozer) lolled with their chairs tilted against the wall, with their feet on the bottom rail, and held their glasses in their hands. About five-and-thirty persons were present, among whom Mr Tozer was unable to discern either 'Philip the Scholar' or his hopeful nephew. After various proceedings of a dry and routine character, amongst which a weekly report was read by the secretary, and a black-list produced of sundry persons whose twopences had fallen in arrear, which was ordered to be pasted up in the bar forthwith, the grand business of the evening began. The chairman rose, and after hemming solemnly, and drinking about a pint of half and half to clear his throat,

read out the subject of discussion for that evening —'That the sixpence-a-mile system is an undue interference with the liberty of the cab-driver.' The mover of the question then got up, and after some preparatory hesitation and diffidence, became so eloquent and energetic, that Mr Tozer, who had hitherto been fearfully bored and dimly shy, began to get quite interested, and forgot all about his nephew and the mysterious Hansom cabman.

'My friends,' said the speaker, 'it isn't the sixpence a-mile as I'm against; I should be against it if it was eightpence, if it was a shilling, if it was arf-a-crown a mile! ["Should yer?"] said a stolid listener, 'well, I shouldn't!'] It's not the price, it's the fixing the price—it's the interference of the government with the cabmen that I complain of. Why should the cabmen be treated different to every other class of the community? Because we're such a precious set of rogues. And there are plenty of black-sheep among us, I don't deny. A respectable man don't care to become a cabby, to be badgered by the police a one side of him, and the excise commissioners on the other, when he can get a living any other way. But are there, I ask, no rogues among the butchers, and the bakers, and the grocers? Are butchers all honest? [A voice: 'What do they make their sassengers of?'] Are bakers pure? Is there not bones, nor alum in their bread, no "dead men" in their customers' books? Was that man a grocer, I ask, who told his apprentice to water the tobacco, sand the sugar, and then come down to prayers?' (Great laughter and cheering.) 'Then why single out the cabmen? In France, I understand the emperor settles what price a butcher shall ask for his meat, and a baker for his bread, but we English say: "That won't do here; that's only fit for a parcel of children. We must have free trade, free trade." And that's all I ask to-night, my friends, free trade in cab-driving; liberty to sell the hire of my vehicle for what price I please. Why should I be compelled to take sixpence a mile at all times and seasons, whatever the price of horse-flesh or horse-feed may be? It's a dead robbery. But then people say: "The public will be so imposed on." No, they won't, any more than now. Let the commissioners publish a book of the distances to and from every street in London. I don't care if it's as big as a family Bible; let every cabman be bound to keep a copy of that book in his cab; but for Heaven's sake, when the passenger knows what distance he is going to be drove, let us poor devils make our own bargain as to the price!' (Vociferous cheering.)

The speaker who followed detailed a case of individual hardship. 'Some men, my mates, is always unlucky; they're always on the wrong side of the road of life, and always getting drove into. Now, here's a case in pint. There's a man, which I won't mention names here, but well known to many of you, he was ashamed to come into the club himself to-night, so he asked me to tell his story. Well, this man has worked through sunshine and wet year after year, one that took his pint of beer a-day, and never went beyond it. His ambition was a cab of his own, a Hansom. He got a 'oss promised him—that cheesnut mare of yours, Bill Green.'

Mr Green indicated assent by a wave of his pipe.

'Well, a certain party—I won't mention names—it may be Levy, or it may be Moss, or it mayn't be either—supplies him a cab, charging him a rattling high price, on account of the payments being only five pound a month. He pays up five pound a month like a man for four months; then his wife took bad in her chest; she ketched cold going backwards and forards to a fringe-warehouse in the city. Philip— There, hang it, mates, I've let his name out!' (Great cheering, in which Mr Tozer joined.) 'Philip gets behindhand. The Jew says: "I'll tear up that acceptance I hold of yours for fifty pounds, if you'll write a fresh one for sixty-five pound, giving you three

months longer to pay it in." Well, Philip agrees. But now the children got the scarlet fever, his wife's forced to stop at home, and he gets behindhand again. Then the Jew brings his action (I don't blame him); the cab is seized, and sold for five-and-twenty pound (about half its value); the mare would have been sold too, if Bill Green here hadn't walked her out of the way. And I'm blest, if the balance, which, with costs, and lawyers, and one devilment or another, comes to near thirty pounds, ain't paid to-morrow, "Philip the Scholar" goes to quod!"

Mr Tozer rose with tears in his eyes, and said, in a voice choking with emotion: "Gentlemen, I'm a stranger here; I've no business here; in fact, I'm an impostor. I'm no cabman," he continued, pulling vainly at the strings of his tattered old cape, "but an independent man of small means (cheers); and to-morrow, as sure as my name's Henry Tozer, I'll pay that thirty pound!" He then took out a card, wrote his address upon it, handed it to the chairman, and hurried from the room, amid the deafening applause of the company.

His cabman was faithfully awaiting him outside. He gladly reassumed his own garments, and drove to Camden Town, arriving there about half-past nine o'clock, wearied with exercise and excitement. He had obtained some clue to the mystery of Alfred's conduct, but not all.

"Who is at home?" he asked of Emma.

"Mississ is gone to bed with a bad headache. Your mississ is awaiting for you in the drawing-room, sir," said she significantly.

Mr Tozer trembled. He found his wife on the sofa, immersed in *East Lynne*. She had finished *Adam Bede* that afternoon.

"Good-evening, Mr Tozer," said she with mock serenity; "are you aware of the time, sir?"

"Well, my dear, I know it's rather late, but you see I had a little particular business." Here Mr Tozer drew near for the purpose of administering a consolatory salute.

"Ugh! Tozer!" cried his wife, putting her handkerchief to her nose. "You have brought the most frightful smell into the room with you. You smell not only of the rankest tobacco, but of all manner of stable abominations. Where have you been, sir?"

"My love, I'll tell you in the morning," answered Tozer with unwonted courage; "to-night I'm dead beat. Ta, ta."

He took up a bedroom candlestick, and retired. His wife shortly followed, and found him apparently fast asleep, which did not prevent her expressing her opinions about him pretty freely in a curtain lecture. Alfred Randall did not reach home till midnight, when he came in, looking, as Emma told her mistress, the "pictur of down-heartedness." He did not appear at breakfast the next morning.

At that repast, Ellen Randall looked pale and melancholy; Mrs Tozer sat icy and grim; while Mr Tozer glanced at his wife in a furtively beseeching manner, like a school-boy who is going to beg a half-holiday which he is almost sure he won't obtain. All the party were ominously silent.

A cab drove up to the door. Mr Tozer recognised through the window-pane his Clarence cabman of the preceding night; he rushed to the door.

"Mr Tozer," said his wife with dignity, "you forget yourself—we have servants."

Regardless of his wife, and pushing past the astonished Emma, he rushed bareheaded into the street.

"Mornin', sir," said the cabman, smiling and touching his hat. "Here's a bit of a scrawl one of my mates asked me to bring to Mr Randall."

Mr Tozer stretched out his hand, and received a dirty, ill-folded scrap of paper.

In another moment, it was snatched from his grasp by his indignant wife. She rushed in, and slammed

the front-door after her, leaving her spouse bare-headed in the street with the cabman. Mr Tozer began to ply the knocker vigorously.

Meanwhile, Mrs Tozer had entered the parlour. "My darling Ellen," she said, falling on her niece's neck, "we are a pair of poor, deceived, miserable women. I told you of my suspicions last night. Read this. "*Rose is in chokes*." That means, in their dreadful slang language, in prison. This vile woman, who has ensnared your unhappy husband in her toils, is in jail, and now has the daring impudence, abetted by Mr Tozer, to send to Alfred Randall for assistance!"

Here Randall entered the room, apparently calm and cheerful. "Sorry to be so late, ladies; but I was rather overtired last night. Hollo! my darling Ellen, what is the matter? In tears, my sweet love!"

"Read this, sir!" interposed Mrs Tozer, repelling Alfred from his intended endearments, and speaking in her severest tragedy-tone.

"*Rose is in chokes*," read Alfred. "Dear, dear me, this is most unfortunate! I must go at once without waiting for breakfast, and see what I can do."

At this juncture, Mr Tozer having, by dint of repeated knocking, regained the inside of the house, came into the room.

"Uncle Henry, you'll help me, won't you?" said Alfred. "You recollect the thirty pounds I asked for the day before yesterday? Read this."

"With all my heart, my dear boy," exclaimed Mr Tozer. "Now I understand it all. It is a real deed of charity, and I'll draw the cheque at once."

"You will not, Mr Tozer," interposed his wife. "Can human nature be so vile? Are you both banded together in love for this wretched woman?"

"WOMAN?" cried Alfred.

"Yes," said Mrs Tozer. "This horrible Rose of Lisson Grove."

Alfred exploded in a fit of laughter. He then seated himself in the sofa, put his arm round his wife's waist, kissed her half-a-dozen times, and said: "Ladies, I now comprehend all your suspicions and innuendoes, and will proceed to dissipate them into thin air. Strike, if you please, but hear me. Know, then, that when I was at school, I had an especial boy-friend, whose name was Philip Rose. He was not of very exalted birth, as his father kept an inn and posting-house in a country town, but was well educated, with a view to some liberal profession. But railways ruined country inns and posting, and at his father's death, Philip received only a few hundred pounds. With this, having always had a great taste for horse-flesh, he started in London as a livery stable-keeper; but being one of these easy-going, good-natured souls who believe all the world is as honest as themselves, he gradually lost his money, and came down in course of time to be a mere cab-driver. After having lost sight of him for years, I met him one day by accident driving a Hansom, and then found that he was endeavouring to pay the price of his cab by instalments. Since that time, sickness in his family has prevented him from completing the purchase-money, and I have tried, at the earnest request of his wife, who called here once or twice, to assist him. Last night, I accompanied him to his club, where a brother-cabman undertook to lay his case before the members; and the remainder of the evening was spent in endeavouring to make an arrangement with the holder of his acceptance, but without avail. Now, however, Uncle Henry has come forward nobly!"

Here Mr Tozer interrupted his nephew, and related the story of his adventures at the cabmen's club.

We will draw a veil over the scene of reconciliation that took place, only quoting the remark of Emma the housemaid, as she and the cook discussed the events of the morning: "I declare I'm quite disappointed. Only think of Rose being a man after

all. I thought it was a romance; and it was only a cabman!

We may mention, in conclusion, that Uncle Henry had several interviews with 'Philip the scholar,' and being ably seconded by Mrs Tozer, who was anxious to make all the amends she could for the unhappiness she had unwittingly caused her niece, he paid the passage of Philip Rose, with his wife and family, to Melbourne, feeling that at the best it was an uphill struggle for such a man in London.

Alfred has since received the following letter from him:

'MY DEAR RANDALL—If you will allow a poor cab-driver, in recollection of old days at school, to address you so familiarly—I am thankful to say we are all well, and baby got much stronger on the voyage. I found as much competition in Melbourne as in London, so proceeded, by advice of a friend, to Ballarat, which is still one of the leading gold-fields, and a very nice little town. We don't drive Clarences there (there may be a Hansom or two about), but Irish low-backed cars. I have got a car and three horses of my own, and run between Ballarat and Buninyong, about seven miles, on a good metalled road. Eighteenpenny fares apiece, and six passengers to the load. I hope next winter to have enough put by for a bit of land of my own; I shall then fence in a paddock, and keep a cow or two, and hope to begin clearing off my debt to your worthy uncle. My humble duty to him and Mrs Tozer, also to Mrs Randall, in which my wife joins, and I remain, my dear schoolfellow, your attached friend,

PHILIP ROSE.

'Address, No. 4 Eucalyptus Cottages, Baking Hill, Ballarat East, Victoria.'

BOOK-HUNTING.

'WHAT a miserable old age you are preparing for yourself!' is the well-known reproof that Prince Talleyrand administered to the young man who could not play whist; but there is a pursuit peculiar to old age even more engrossing, although, indeed, not nearly so general as that royal game. There are a vast number of respectable seniors whom their families know perfectly well will be found at their clubs between two and six every week-day afternoon in their lives, with more or less trumps in their hands; but there are also others who are no less certain to be discovered at *Crumple* and *Dogear's*, or *Velum* and *Snap's*, at whichever of these noted marts of mouldy literature there chances to be a book-sale. The tap of the auctioneer's ebony hammer is as irresistible to these as is the roll of the roulette ball to the gambler, or the music of cork-drawing to the toper; and when there has been unhappily no book-sale, such men have been sometimes searched for, on occasion of some domestic emergency, 'from book-stall unto bookstall, just as the mothers, wives, and daughters of other lost men hunt them through their favourite taverns.'

These inverted commas mark an extract from a volume* recently brought out by Mr John Hill Burton upon Book-hunting, a sacred science, which in him has found a fit and reverent historian. The work itself, although so recent, has an ancient look about it, like that old-fashioned impression which one sometimes sees on the faces of children; and there is a statement on its fly-leaf, that 'twenty-two copies have been printed for sale on large paper, in crown quarto,' which will doubtless make the eyes of bibliomaniacs glisten with desire. How far the author himself may now be sunk in this species of aberration, we know not, but it is our opinion that he would plunge very deep indeed if he were not afraid of the consequences. This is not a cruel age, he admits, and convicts and felons fare exceedingly well in it,

with a superabundance of flannel and clean linen, 'but at the same time the area of punishment—or of treatment,' as it is mildly termed—becomes alarmingly widened, and people require to look sharply into themselves, lest they should be tainted with any little frailty or peculiarity which may transfer them from the class of free self-regulators to that of persons 'under treatment.' Our author is evidently alarmed for his personal freedom. There is, however, adds he, one ground of consolation—the people who, being all right themselves, have undertaken the duty of keeping in order the rest of the world, have far too serious a task in hand to afford time for the reading of such a book as his. Two of the chief charms of this volume, indeed, consist in a hearty contempt of humbug, and a tender protection of the amiable weaknesses of human nature, with an eye especially merciful to Book-hunting.

That misuse or abuse of learned names, so common in the present day, evokes very justly Mr Burton's satire. Greek nomenclature, as now employed, he defines to be an instrument for silencing inquiry, and handing over the judgment to implicit belief. 'Get the passive student once into paleozoology, and he takes your other hard names—your ichthyodorulite, trogontherium, lepidodendron, and ichthrodendron—for granted, contemplating them, indeed, with a kind of religious awe or devotional reverence. If it be a question, whether a term is catagorematic, or is of a quite opposite description, and ought to be described as *uncatagorematic*, one may take up a very absolute positive position without finding many people prepared to assail it. Antiquarianism, which used to be an easy-going slipshod sort of pursuit, has sought this all-powerful protection, and called itself Archaeology. An obliterated manuscript written over again is called a palimpsest, and the man who can restore and read it a paleographer. The great erect stone on the moor, which has hitherto defied all learning to find the faintest trace of the age in which it was erected, its purpose, or the people who placed it there, seems, as it were, to be rescued from the heathen darkness in which it has dwelt, and to be admitted within the community of scientific truth, by being christened a monolith. If there be any remains of sculpture on the stone, it becomes a lythoglyph or a hieroglyph; and if the nature and end of this sculpture be quite incomprehensible to the adepts, they may term it a cryptoglyph, and thus dignify, by a sort of title of honour, the absoluteness of their ignorance.' These remarks are not only healthy and well-timed, but especially creditable in one like our author, who evidently possesses the very weapons which he scorns to handle. There is also a certain literary large-heartedness about him, which in a bookworm is as rare as it is commendable. Himself a humorist to whom the author of the *Pickwick Papers* must be dear indeed, he can yet deeply sympathise with a class of persons to whom the name of Dickens is anything but a household word—with those 'literary ghouls,' as that writer somewhere calls them, who know nothing of authors within the last two centuries. He mentions with something little short of approbation the conduct of a certain book-hunting archdeacon, who going up from Edinburgh to London to be examined upon some question before the House of Commons, suddenly disappeared with all his money in his pocket, and returned home penniless, followed by a wagon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible. Any very shameless profligacy in this pursuit does, however, it is fair to say, call forth Mr Burton's reprobation. 'It is,' says he, 'a matter of extreme anxiety to his friends, and, if he have a well-constituted mind, of sad misgiving to himself, when the collector buys his first duplicate. It is like the first secret dram swallowed in the forenoon—the first pawning of the silver spoons—or any other terrible first step downwards you may please to liken it to. There is no

* *The Book-hunter*. By John Hill Burton. Blackwood.

hope for the patient after this. It rends at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flimsy sophisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself, into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or, at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observable in the career of this class of unfortunates, that the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandonment to its propensities.

There is surely something in the above remarks which reminds one not a little of Charles Lamb, and, still more, of certain writings (such as 'Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts') of De Quincey. With the latter author, Mr Burton was intimate, and he presents him to us very graphically under the pseudonym of Papaverius. Not for him were the common enjoyments and excitements of Book-hunting. 'He cared not to add volume unto volume, and heap up the relics of the printing-press. All the external niceties about pet editions, peculiarities of binding or of printing, rarity itself, were to him as if they were not. His pursuit, indeed, was like that of the savage who seeks but to appease the hunger of the moment. If he catch a prey just sufficient for his desires, it is well; yet he will not hesitate to bring down the elk or the buffalo, and, satiating himself with the choicer delicacies, abandon the bulk of the carcass to the wolves or the vultures. So of Papaverius. If his intellectual appetite were craving after some passage in the *Œdipus*, or in the *Medeia*, or in Plato's *Republic*, he would be quite contented with the most tattered and valueless fragment of the volume, if it contained what he wanted; but, on the other hand, he would not hesitate to seize upon your tall copy in russia gilt and tooled. Nor would the exemption of an *editio princeps* from everyday sordid work restrain his sacrilegious hands. If it should contain the thing he desires to see, what is to hinder him from wrenching out the twentieth volume of your *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, or *Ersch und Gruber*, leaving a vacancy like an extracted front-tooth, and carrying it off to his den of Cacus?'

The learned world is divided by our author into two classes—those who return books borrowed by them, and those who do not; and Papaverius belonged to the latter order. He was not very careful either of those he thus unlawfully detained. There is a legend of a book-creditor having once forced his way into his den, and there beheld 'a sort of rubble-work inner-wall of volumes, with their edges outward; while others, bound and unbound, the plebeian sheep-skin, and the aristocratic russia, were squeezed into certain tubs drawn from the washing establishment of a confiding landlady.' If book-wealth, to which he did attach some sort of value, was thus treated by Papaverius, it may be well imagined that vulgar money was not much looked after. Those who knew him a little, called him a loose man in pecuniary affairs; those who knew him well, laughed at the idea of coupling any notion of pecuniary responsibility with his nature at all. 'You might as well attack the character of the nightingale, that may have nipped up your five-pound note and torn it to shreds, to serve as nest-building material. Only immediate craving necessities could ever extract from him an acknowledgment of the common vulgar agencies by which men subsist in civilised society; and only while the necessity lasted did the acknowledgment exist. Take just one example, which will render this clearer than any generalities. He arrives very late at a friend's door, and on gaining admission—a process in which he often endured impediments—he represents, with his usual silver voice and measured rhetoric, the absolute necessity of his being then and there invested with a sum of money in the current coin of the realm—the amount limited, from the

nature of his necessities, which he very freely states, to seven shillings and sixpence. Discovering, or fancying he discovers, signs that his eloquence is likely to be unproductive, he is fortunately reminded that, should there be any difficulty in connection with security for the repayment of the loan, he is at that moment in possession of a document, which he is prepared to deposit with the lender—a document calculated, he cannot doubt, to remove any feeling of anxiety which the most prudent person could experience in the circumstances. After a rummage in his pockets, which develops miscellaneous and varied, but as yet by no means valuable possessions, he at last comes to the object of his search, a crumpled bit of paper, and spreads it out—a fifty-pound bank-note! The friend, who knew him well, was of opinion that, had he, on delivering over the seven shillings and sixpence, received the bank-note, he never would have heard anything more of the transaction from the other party. It was also his opinion that, before coming to a personal friend, the owner of the note had made several efforts to raise money on it among persons who might take a purely business view of such transactions; but the lateness of the hour, and something in the appearance of the thing altogether, had induced these mercenaries to forget their cunning, and decline the transaction.'

With all his faults, however, Papaverius had a loving soul; too much learning, assisted by other causes, had made him a little mad, but it had not made him—and it makes many men—churlish. With him, as the present writer has good cause to know, it was no perilous matter to present a gift-book, although it might have been written by a young man, and published within the week; the time that he denied to business and his own affairs, he would cheerfully spend in encouragement and genial criticism. The ordinary book-hunter's behaviour under the like infliction, is different indeed; every tribute of this nature imparts to him that sort of uneasiness a bee is said to feel when an earwig intrudes himself into its cell. He cannot make merchandise of such a gift, because he is every inch a gentleman, and for the same reason, he cannot put it in the fire. If he feels himself called upon to acknowledge the receipt of this modern rubbish, he does it at once, before he can possibly be expected to have read it. An eminent scientific divine of our acquaintance had, until lately, a certain stereotyped form of reply to all authors who vexed him with presentation copies of their works. 'He was deeply obliged, and anticipated the most profound pleasure from the perusal of the volume in question.' This ingenious statement, however, met at last with this rejoinder, which put an end to its further use. 'I received, sir, the very same flattering communication from your pen, two years ago, concerning the very same work. You have omitted to observe that the book I last sent you is only a *second edition* of my former work.'

The book-hunter proper, however, is often by no means anxious to read even those volumes which he is so desirous of possessing. 'He knows about books!' quoth one, in reference to a scholar of some repute; 'nothing, nothing at all, I assure you; unless, perhaps, about their insides.' It is the rarity, and not the merit of a work which excites their admiration, and they sympathise with that auctioneer who, when the high prices at a certain book-sale began to slacken a little, remonstrated pathetically: 'Going so low as thirty shillings, gentlemen—this curious book—so low as thirty shillings, and quite imperfect.' A gentleman may be 'a black-letter man, or a tall copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or a Grangerite, or a tawny moroccoite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio-princeps* man,' and yet have next to nothing of learning in him. It is the glory of some wretches—hight

bibliothaphes—to get hold of a copy of a unique book, and shut it up. 'There were known to be just two copies of a spare quarto, called *Rout upon Rout*, or the *Rabblers Rabbled*, by Felix Nixon, Gent. A certain collector possessed one copy; the other, by indomitable perseverance, he also got hold of, and then his heart was glad within him; and he felt it glow with well-merited pride when an accomplished scholar, desiring to complete an epoch in literary history on which that book threw some light, besought the owner to allow him a sight of it, were it but for a few minutes, and the request was refused. "I might as well ask him," said the animal, who was rather proud of his firmness than ashamed of his churlishness, "to make me a present of his brains and reputation." The same fiendish spirit is said to sometimes enter the mild bosom of the Dutch tulip-fancier, causing him to pay thousands of dollars for a duplicate tuber, in order that he may have the satisfaction of crushing it beneath his heel. Dibdin warmed his convivial guests at a fire fed by the wood-cuts which had been printed from in the impression of the *Bibliographical Decameron*, so as to effectually assure the subscribers to his costly volumes that poor men should never participate in their privilege. The brutal selfishness of conduct of this kind needs no comment; but in judging of less heinous crimes among book-hunters, such as a churlish refusal to lend their treasures to others, we should be careful to remember how much more important a rare book is in their eyes than it is in those of other people. Ordinary folks who subscribe to *Mudie or Smith*, and keep three or four hundred volumes in a back-room which they call 'the library,' can scarcely imagine a desire for books so insatiable as that which consumed Richard Heber, for instance. The number of this gentleman's books was stated in six figures, and the catalogue of them occupied five thick octavo volumes. He satisfied his own conscience by adopting a creed which he enounced thus: 'Why you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without three copies of a book. One he must have for a show-copy, and he will probably keep it at his country-house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends.'

'Some years ago,' says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 'Heber built a new library at his house at Hodnet, which is said to be full. His residence at Pimlico, where he died, is filled, like Magliabechi's at Florence, with books, from the top to the bottom—every chair, every table, every passage containing piles of erudition. He had another house in York Street, leading to Great James's Street, Westminster, laden from the ground-floor to the garret with curious books. He had a library in the High Street, Oxford, an immense library at Paris, another at Antwerp, another at Brussels, another at Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries and in Germany.'

Among other curious characteristics that help to make works valuable to book-hunters are typographical errors. 'The celebrated Elzevir *Cesar* of 1635 is known by this, that the number of the 149th page is misprinted 153. All that want this peculiar distinction are counterfeits. The little volume being, as Brunet says, "une des plus jolies et plus rares de la collection des Elzevir," gave a temptation to fraudulent imitators, who, as if by a providential arrangement for their detection, lapsed into accuracy at the critical figure.' When Falstaff's 'Table of Greenfield' was replaced by 'a babble of green fields,' the world rejoiced, but in the eyes of the book-hunters, the volume containing the foolish words is most esteemed. A solid scholar who never missed a date, nor left out a word in copying a title-page, nor ever ended a sentence with a monosyllable, was once thus hideously

misrepresented by his printer. 'In the pride of his unspotted purity, he little knew what a humiliation fate had prepared for him. It happened to him to have to state how Theodore Beza, or some contemporary of his, went to sea in a Candian vessel. This statement, at the last moment, when the sheet was going through the press, caught the eye of an intelligent and judicious corrector, more conversant with shipping-lists than with the literature of the sixteenth century, who saw clearly what had been meant, and took upon himself, like a man who hated all pottering nonsense, to make the necessary correction without consulting the author. The consequence was, that people read with some surprise, under the authority of the paragon of accuracy, that Theodore Beza had gone to sea in a *Canadian* vessel.' In one of the editions of the modern annual, called *Men of the Time*, some lines dropped out of Robert Owen's biography into that of the Bishop of Oxford's, which immediately followed it. The article upon the reverend prelate therefore begins as follows: 'Oxford, the right reverend Samuel Wilberforce, bishop of, was born in 1805. A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A sceptic as regards religious revelation, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit movements.' But perhaps the most amusing instance of this sort of mistake occurs in an American edition of *Hamlet*, in that Prince's wild soliloquy—

'The devil hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me.'

The amended reading stands—

'As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me too—damme.'

Among the books with titles which are calculated to mislead the unwary, Mr Burton instances the *Diversions of Parley*—one of the toughest books in existence; *Urban Bees*, by Leo Allatius, a biographical work, devoted to the great men who flourished during the pontificate of Urban VIII., whose family carried bees on their coat-armorial; and *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. *MacEwen on the Types*—a theological book treating of the types of Christianity in the old law, he once beheld vehemently competed for at an auction by a citizen artisan and a burly farmer, the former of whom thought that it had reference to his own craft (that of a compositor), and the latter that it was 'a buik upo' the tups,' otherwise rams. 'Mr Ruskin, too, having formed the pleasant little original design of abolishing the difference between Popery and Protestantism, through the persuasive influence of his own special eloquence, set forth his views upon the matter in a book which he termed a treatise *On the Construction of Sheepfolds*. I have been informed that this work had a considerable run among the muirland farmers, whose reception of it was not flattering.'

A very interesting chapter is devoted by Mr Burton to antiquarian book-clubs, and includes a history of the famous Roxburghe Club, whose list of after-dinner toasts is given in appropriate black-letter. The primitive members used to sport these toasts in proof of their high caste in book-hunting freemasonry, whithersoever they went. 'One of these happening, on a tour in the Highlands, to open his refreshment wallet on the top of Ben Lomond, pledged his guide in the potent *vin du pays* to Christopher Valdarfer, John Gutenberg, and the others. The Celt had no objection in the world to pledge successive glasses to these names, which he had no doubt belonged "to fery respectable persons," probably to the chief landed gentry of his entertainer's neighbourhood. But the best Glenlivet would not induce him to pledge "the cause of Bibliomania all over the world," being

unable to foresee what influence the utterance of words so unusual and so suspiciously savouring of demonology might exercise over his future destiny.' There is nothing, in short, interesting or amusing which Mr Burton fails to tell us about book-hunters. He may not indeed, like Magliabechi,* librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, be able to direct you to any book in the world, 'with the precision with which the metropolitan policeman directs you to St Paul's or Piccadilly,' but he would probably know what peculiarity it possesses which causes you to inquire for it. Nothing is so unpromising in its subject but that he manages to extract from it something strange and humorous; bulls—by no means papal ones—from ecclesiastical works, and jokes from the dullest law reports. Nay, we are taught by his pleasant volume that even an index is a field of literature not necessarily barren of amusement. 'A searcher after something or other running his eye down the index of a law-book, through letter B, arrived at the reference "Best, Mr Justice—his great mind." Desiring to be better acquainted with the particulars of this assertion, he turned up the page referred to, and there found, to his entire satisfaction, "Mr Justice Best said he had a great mind to commit the witness for prevarication."' "

SOMETHING OF ITALY.

ROME (THE BAMBINO).

A VISIT to Rome would be incomplete without a sight of the Bambino. All strangers are expected to see the Bambino, or, to give him his proper designation, the Santissimo Bambino, or Most Holy Child, and having been so far fortunate, they may with justice say, they have beheld something more than ordinarily wonderful. Devoting a morning to this purpose, we drove off about ten o'clock to the church of Ara Celi, one of the most ancient and interesting edifices in Rome, situated on the summit of the hill of the Capitol, and described as occupying 'the very centre of the Christian world.' Why this particular church, more than any other, should have received the designation, Ara Celi—the Altar of Heaven—has been the subject of different legends, of which it would not be easy to offer any intelligible version. Whatever be the origin of the name, there can be no doubt as to the extreme antiquity of the church. On entering it by a flight of steps from the level space on the Capitol, to which there is an easy sloping ascent for carriages, we see that the building is of the style of the old Roman basilicas, consisting of a nave divided from the side-aisles by rows of lofty pillars. These pillars are of different orders of architecture, and do not match. Some of them are the columns of the original temple of Jupiter, out of the remains of which the building was mainly constructed; while others are from ruined palaces and temples in the neighbourhood—the whole being a species of composition from the wreck of the pagan world, and now forming the church connected with a monastery of the order of St Francis. Persons familiar with the memoirs of Edward Gibbon, the historian, will recollect that it was in this ancient church that the design of writing his great work occurred to him. He says, that 'it was on the 15th of October 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted

friars were singing vespers, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to his mind.'

Our visit to Ara Celi was to appearance unavailing. In the silent basilica, there were but two persons—one a ragged pauper 'making his stations,' and a monk who was engaged in brushing up and decorating one of the altars preparatory for Easter Sunday. Perceiving that we were strangers, the monk left off work, and came to offer his services in explaining the antiquities. We said we wished to see the Bambino. He was very sorry—the Bambino had gone out on a visit, but he would be soon back, and if we pleased, we might in the meanwhile look round the church; there was the old mosaic floor, which was thought very fine; there were several good pictures; and above all, there was the chapel of St Anthony of Padua, with a great number of sketches representing his miraculous interposition in saving persons from being killed in cases of accident.' Escorted by this obliging monk, we sauntered for a time round the church, and took note of its various objects of interest; but as time wore on, and no Bambino was making his appearance, we at length quitted the church, stating that we should return on another occasion.

We did not go far. On descending the steps outside, a respectable family carriage with a pair of horses drew up. There, surely, was the Bambino at last. The door of the carriage opens, a monk steps out, and receives from another monk, his companion, a box swathed in scarlet silk. The two ascend the steps, the second monk having somewhat of a superior air, and carrying a book. They enter the church, which they cross to the opposite side, and proceed along a passage; we close at their heels. Turning to the right, they arrive at a small octagonal chapel, having an altar on one side, while on the other is a high cupboard with a door of two leaves elegantly painted and gilded. The box with its drapery is set down on a table in front of the cupboard. There now appear two other persons on the scene. These are a gentleman and his wife; and the lady, who is in an interesting situation, kneels down devotionally on a chair which stands conveniently for the purpose. The monk who had carried the book requires no one to tell him what to do. With an experienced eye, he saw what he had come for, and prepared to gratify us. The first thing he did was to equip himself in a chasuble or short surplice, and put on a pair of purple silk gloves; he then opened the cupboard, and disclosed a large variety of votive offerings in silver, also two kneeling figures, between which the box is usually deposited. After lighting two candles, and placing them on the table, he removed the cover from the box, which he unlocked; then he threw back the lid, and let down the front. There was a figure within, but it was concealed from our sight, until the monk delicately drew off a silk coverlet, and exposed to view the object of our visit. There lay the Bambino!

Invited to approach, we beheld a doll of exceeding beauty and splendour, and of the most winning sweetness of countenance. In length, it was about eighteen inches, and is assumed to be an infant of five or six months old, but its features are of more advanced maturity, and its fine dark eyes more grave and piercing than those of a child. On its head, which was supported by a small pillow, it wore a crown of gold, or silver-gilt, decorated with precious stones. Swathed closely in a rich dress of white silk, which was similarly embellished with jewellery, its face, neck, and hands were alone uncovered; the neck being decorated with pearl beads, and the fingers loaded with rings. On its feet, the points of which projected from the dress, were a pair of golden shoes,

* This bibliophile being asked concerning the whereabouts of a certain volume, is said to have replied off-hand: 'There is but one copy of that book in the world. It is in the Grand Seigneur's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book in the second shelf on the right hand as you go in.'

or a species of sandals, through the openings of which the toes were partially visible. Besides other embellishments on the dress, there was a large brooch sparkling with divers-coloured gems. The description is completed, when I mention that the doll was of wood, painted to resemble life. Such was the Bambino, on which we gazed for several minutes in mute astonishment. Not to disturb the devotions of the lady who had come to visit the shrine, we now departed. To enlarge my knowledge of the sacred infant, I returned two days subsequently, and by the courtesy of the same good-natured monk, I had not only a more thorough view of the Bambino, but was afforded some information regarding its character and functions; and at my solicitation, there was also given me a work purporting to be its history, accompanied by an engraved likeness. It may while away a few minutes to peruse the following narrative, which I condense from the historical account of the Holy Child of Ara Coeli.*

The Santissimo Bambino is a miraculous image of the infant Jesus, carved from a tree which grew on the Mount of Olives. The artist by whom it was executed, an exemplary monk of the strict order of St Francis, dedicated to this devout undertaking his conventual hours of leisure during a residence in the city of Jerusalem. This pious labour was prompted not less by the devotional feeling of the artist, than by his design of transferring the image to Rome, where it might kindle Christian love and devotion for the divine child. As regards the date of its execution, its removal to Rome, and the name of the artist, the writer of its history acknowledges his ignorance. 'The earliest record of its presence at Ara Coeli goes no further back than the year 1629, whence it may be concluded that it was enshrined there towards the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century. Let the time of its construction be what it may, it is undeniable that its presence in Rome has been an inexhaustible source of grace and mercy to this favoured city. Nor should we marvel at God thus appropriating to himself this divine figure, seeing the miraculous co-operation which He vouchsafed to lend at its creation.

'On the eve of its completion (proceeds the narrator), the devout artist experienced the gravest alarm, lest he should be denied the privilege of imparting the requisite finish to his work, in consequence of the impossibility of procuring in that barbarous region the materials for colouring. His inmost soul was wrung by anguish and anxiety, and in this emergency, he besought that succour which neither art nor human means availed to procure. He cast himself prostrate in humble supplication, and prayed persistently and fervently; and lo! a faint flush of lifelike glowing colour gradually suffuses the sacred image, and completes it with a finish so faultless, that human art never could have imparted! Fancy can easily picture the amazement and rapture of the holy monk, as well as the heartfelt and ardent gratitude which such Divine condescension inspired!'

The writer here refers to the belief which many entertain that the features of the Bambino were carved as well as painted by Divine agency; but he does not sustain this extreme view of the case, and is contented with the indisputable fact of the colouring. 'Now (he goes on to say), a second miraculous event speedily succeeded to the first. The period of the monk's departure from Jerusalem having arrived, he set out with the view of conveying the figure to Rome, anticipating only a fair and prosperous voyage. The enemy of the human race, however, always alert for evil, concocted the foul design of sending to the bottom of the deep the sacred child, in company with

vessel and passengers. By infernal machinations, the sea was lashed into so fierce a tempest as to defy all nautical skill, and to save the vessel from destruction, the sailors wildly threw every movable article overboard, including the box containing the Bambino. But Satan was no gainer by his nefarious schemes, for whilst every other object cast into the ocean sank to the bottom, the miraculous image escaped the universal ruin, and floated in perfect safety to the port of Leghorn. The fact was evident to all. Every inhabitant of the town who commanded a view of the sea, or repaired to the ramparts, clearly beheld the case containing the blessed image leisurely advancing in spite of wind and wave, and finally stranding at the entrance to the port. The news of the event speedily filled the city, and reached a convent of Franciscans, by whom the case had been daily expected. With religious reverence, they received it as a miraculous gift from God, and guarded it with care till it was sent to the place of its destination. It may easily be imagined with what outbursts of joy and adoration the sacred image was welcomed at Rome, as the fame of the miraculous events which had attended its formation and transit had preceded its arrival. The good monk, its constructor, afterwards arrived safely at his convent of Ara Coeli, where we are told 'his precious treasure speedily began to work wonders, and perform miracles.'

The vicissitudes to which the Bambino was exposed were, however, not ended. 'Such was the fervour of devotion towards the Divine image, that in a transport of piety, a lady rashly stole the holy child, which she designed to keep; but she reaped no advantage from the imprudent larceny; for, at the expiration of a few days, the Santissimo Bambino of its own accord returned miraculously to its wonted shrine at Ara Coeli, amidst the joyous chimes of all the bells in the church, which spontaneously rung out a supernatural and welcome peal in its honour.'

The miraculous return of the Bambino to its shrine, with the attendant miraculous ringing of bells, produced a profound sensation in Rome, and having vastly increased the reputation of the sacred image, the number of precious gifts which it henceforth received was incalculable. 'Besides the emeralds, sapphires, topazes, amethysts, diamonds, and other valuable stones by which it was decked by countless petitioners, there was given to it a resplendent ornament of five pieces, encircled by 162 diamonds set in silver, and valued at 182 crowns. The person who executed this splendid work of art, which represented the Sun of Justice, was the famous Carlo Sartore of Milan, who having to receive the holy child under his roof, fitted up for it a splendid shrine, and there he jealously guarded it while in his possession. The brilliant sunlike ornament called forth the highest admiration from nobles, prelates, and all who frequented the artist's studio, and even his Holiness deigned to approve of the superb workmanship.'

Evil days, alas! overtook the innocent Bambino. Its riches served but to provoke the greed of the sacrilegious. During the political troubles of 1798, its person and shrine were ruthlessly robbed of ornaments and treasures, and but for the pious solicitude of a nun, it would have been broken in pieces or consumed as firewood. Saved from this calamity, the holy child was preserved for a year and five days in the convent of Trasteverino. While in this seclusion, it was not only the object of continual veneration by the kind-hearted nuns, but was robbed by them anew in cloth of silver embroidered with gold, and they further decorated its sacred brow with a circlet of precious metal. So far renovated, the Bambino was conducted back to its shrine, where it was received with every demonstration of affection. Against the savage acts of desecration and robbery, the more respectable Romans had earnestly protested, and in token of their joy at the reinstallation of the Bambino

* *Discorso Storico intorno la Prodigiosa Effigie di Gesù Bambino, per il P. Antonio da Cipressa, Min. Oss. Roma, tipographia Monaldi, 1861.*

at Ara Coeli, they decreed that one of a new set of bells should be solemnly consecrated to its special honour and service. Fresh gifts of ornaments poured in, and although these are not comparable in richness and splendour to those that were lost, 'yet they afford ample proof of the vitality of true faith and piety in the hearts of Christians.' Daily, is the stock of votive offerings belonging to the Bambino increased, and frequently are additions made to its personal ornaments and equipments. Until within the last two years the holy child was barefooted, a circumstance which so affected a pious and beneficent individual, that he presented it with a pair of shoes of pure gold, made by one of the most skilful working-jewellers in Rome, and which artistic shoes it now becomingly wears. The keeping of a carriage for the Bambino may be thought to be an expensive arrangement for the monks, but it is not so. The Prince d'Alessandro Torlonia, to do homage to the Bambino, munificently assigned a carriage with horses and driver for its special use, and the whole equipage is kept at his expense.

In its visits to the sick, the Bambino is usually accompanied by two monks, one of whom takes charge of it in its box, while the other performs the religious services on the occasion. In proceeding through the town, a portion of its scarlet drapery hangs from the windows of its carriage, to make people aware of its presence, and give them an opportunity of paying it a passing homage. There is a general belief that the Bambino realises as large a revenue as any medical practitioner in Rome; but this I am unable to verify. I learned that, on being brought into the apartment of the invalid who craves its supernatural aid, it is not shewn till a candle has been lighted on a table at each end of its box. It is then devoutly lifted up, and made to stand on an ornamental cushion brought for the purpose; while in this attitude it receives the supplications of the sick person, who, in token of deep respect, is permitted to kiss its golden shoes. I inquired if invalids might kiss its lips, and was told that this is permitted only in particular cases, and under certain restrictions, which does not surprise me. Judging from the manner in which half of the large toe of the bronze figure in St Peter's has been already kissed away, we can see the propriety of not permitting an indiscriminate kissing of the lips of the pretty little Bambino.

The work put into my hands by the monk comprehends a narration of six distinct miracles performed through the intervention of the Bambino, but our space admits of noticing only two of them. The fourth miracle in the series was the sudden and entire recovery of Lucia Costantini, an inmate of the Vatican; she had been ill forty days, and was at the point of death, when the Bambino was brought to her bedside. 'She reverently sank on her knees to embrace the divine feet, and at that moment heard a voice exclaim: "Lucia, arise, for thou art healed." The cure was complete, although the chill of death had been upon her.' The sixth miracle concerns a personage styled the Chevalier Carlo van Swygenhoven, an eminent physician of Brussels, who, with the honour of belonging to 37 European learned societies, had the misfortune to have a wife afflicted with a painful and seemingly incurable heart disease. Travelling about, the pair came to Rome, where by chance they heard of the Bambino, and the wonderful cures it performed. The Chevalier and his delicate wife, who had not been able to lie on her left side for ten years, 'were now (says the trustworthy chronicler) seized with the most eager desire of doing honour to the Bambino and its shrine, and of receiving its blessing. On the 11th of March 1860, having gained admittance to the sacred spot, they reverentially, and with such a vivid faith, expressed the feelings of their soul, that from that very moment the pious lady was perfectly free from all symptoms of her complaint.' She went home

cured, and it gratifies us to add, that she was ever afterwards able to lie comfortably on her left side. The learned Swygenhoven, D.M.B.—for such are the letters he puts after his honoured name—gladly attests the miracle.

The writer, in conclusion, refers briefly to some other miracles effected by the Bambino, and says that if he were to record the whole he should more than fill a volume. I agree in thinking that he has said quite enough.

W. C.

PERFUMES.

THE use of perfumes dates from the earliest times. The incense-bearer took a prominent part in the religious ceremonies of Egypt; the brown beauties of the land of the pyramids, like those of modern China, carried odoriferous pouches, and wore necklaces of scented beads; and spices and sweet compounds enabled the embalmer to preserve their bodies from decay after death. The luxurious Persians burned storax upon their hearths, and seldom used any but aromatic woods, even for domestic purposes; while to counterbalance the unpleasing effect of dirt on their olfactory nerves, they soaked their persons with unguents. The Israelite priests were commanded to burn sweet incense every morning and evening, and to anoint themselves with holy ointment, compounded 'after the art of the apothecary,' of myrrh, cinnamon, calamus, and cassia. The perfume used at the Hebrew rites was composed of stacte (myrrh of the finest description), onycha (an odorous shell), and galbanum (an odorous gum). The use of any imitation of the holy perfume or ointment by a layman was prohibited on pain of the offender being cut off from his people. Hebrew dames and damsels perfumed their beds with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon, and scented their tresses with frankincense, cassia, aloes, and myrrh. Attached to their necklaces, they also wore a small gold or silver box, or an alabaster vial, filled with the aroma of musk, otto of roses, balsam, saffron, or spikenard, the last being esteemed 'very precious.' So indispensable were perfumes considered to the feminine toilet, that the Talmud directs one-tenth of a bride's dowry to be set apart for their purchase. The queen of Sheba introduced the balsam of Mecca into Judaea, and the shrub from which it was obtained was carefully cultivated there until the fall of Jerusalem, when all the plants were destroyed by the despairing people. Only one plantation of this rare shrub is now known to exist, and that not in the land of its adoption, but in Arabia Petrea, the annual yield of which amounts to no more than three pounds of the precious balsam.

When Darius's perfume-casket fell into the hands of his conqueror, Alexander threw away the scents, to make room for the *Iliad*; but it must not be inferred therefrom that the Greeks despised sweet essences. It is true the sale of such luxuries was forbidden by Solon; but spite of this, and of the Socratic objection, that they imparted the same smell to slave and master, perfumers carried on a brisk and remunerative trade in ancient Greece, especially at Athens, which grew famous for the excellence of its odoriferous wares. An Athenian host was not content with perfuming his dining-room, but scented his drinking vessels with myrrh, and sprinkled his guests with perfume: this last operation was usually performed by slaves; but one entertainer made himself famous by hitting on the happy device of letting four pigeons loose in the banquetting-chamber, who, as they flew above the heads of the company, dropped different odours from their wings. The Greek perfumes were usually made up in the form of ointment, which was applied as a salve; some exquisites, however, preferred to pour liquid scents over their limbs, a cleaner custom certainly, although generally considered

a voluptuous, foppish, and effeminate practice. The scent of the violet was most in favour among the Athenians, although wine-bibbers preferred that of the rose; but the art of perfumery was gradually refined till each part of the body had its peculiar unguent—the hair and eyebrows being perfumed with sweet marjoram, the neck and knees with wild-thyme, the arms with balsam-mint, the cheeks and breasts with palm-oil, and the feet and legs with Egyptian ointment.

In imperial Rome, this species of extravagance went beyond all bounds. The amphitheatres were redolent with aromatic odours, the walls of bath-rooms were sprinkled with essences, and on festival occasions, even the military ensigns were anointed. The establishment of a Roman lady was not complete without a slave whose special office it was to sprinkle the hair and dress of her mistress with the perfumes of India; and Lucian reproaches his countrywomen with lavishing the whole means of their husbands upon beautifying their locks, and using such quantities of perfume to that end, that all Arabia breathed from the hair of a Roman belle. Nor were the male descendants of the rough subjects of Romulus less industrious in sweetening their persons; a Roman dandy perfumed himself three times a day, even to the soles of his feet. Pliny says that India and Arabia annually drew a hundred million of sesterces (about £800,000) from the empire, on account of odorous luxuries. At one time, Corinth iris perfume was the rage, then it was superseded by otto of roses, which gave way in turn to saffron, vineflower, marjoram, quince-blossom, cyprus, myrtle, calamus, cypress, pomegranate, and metopium (oil of bitter almonds). All these, however, were thrown into the shade by the regal unguent composed of seven-and-twenty different ingredients, most of which were far-fetched and dear-bought. Alexandria and Antioch became specially famed for perfumes, their manipulators attaining such skill that Crito, physician to the Empress Plotina, enumerates twenty-five different perfumes extracted from the root of one plant and the leaf of another. The Emperor Nero burned so much perfume in celebrating the obsequies of his wife Poppea, that Pliny declares the whole produce of Arabia for a year was not equivalent to it. The philosopher pointedly inquires, what proportion of the odours reached the deities; and complains that the gods, instead of appreciating the offering, seem less propitious to the Romans than when their worshippers presented the humbler offering of the salted cake.

Satiists of every age and clime have fallen foul of masculine patrons of the perfumer, and stigmatised the pampering of the fifth sense as a token of effeminacy; history, however, scarcely justifies the censure. Englishmen were never more pre-eminent for manliness in thought, word, and deed than when they were ruled so royally by the daughter of Anne Boleyn, and yet at no time was perfumery so generally and so lavishly used in England. Her manly-minded majesty herself could not abide strong smells, but was excessively fond of delicate scents, and many were the pairs of perfumed gloves that found their way to the royal hands on New-Year's Day. Lord Oxford hit the queen's taste in this respect so nicely that she had her portrait taken wearing his gloves, and made the scent of them fashionable under the name of 'Lord Oxford's Perfume.' The ladies of course followed in the wake of their mistress, and casting bottles and sweet coffers became indispensable appendages of the toilet-table. Noble lords wore scented doublets, and their noble ladies were proficient in all the mysteries of the still-room, and adepts in the concoction of sweet waters from their floral favourites.

Nor were these nasal luxuries confined to the richer classes; perfume for a lady's chamber and gloves as

sweet as damask roses formed part of the multifarious stock of the country pedler. Orange and jasmine were the favourite foreign perfumes in vogue; but it appears as if English essences were of no mean reputation, since we find the Sultana-mother desiring Elizabeth to send her some essences and distilled waters, in acknowledgment of sundry handsome presents sent from Constantinople to the queen of England.

A little later, we find good Philip Stubbes railing bitterly against civet, musk, sweet powders, fragrant pomanders, and odorous perfumes, which he declares darken and obscure the spirits and senses of those who indulge in such ensigns of pride, allurements to sin, and provocatives of vice. He vows that 'the beds wherein they have laid their delicate bodies, the places where they have sat, the clothes and things which they have touched, shall smell a week, a month, or more after they be gone.' However, he finds some comfort in reflecting that these sweet odours will one day be exchanged for 'stench and horror in the nethermost hell;' a charitable conclusion in which it is to be hoped he was mistaken. The author of *The Ladies' Dictionary* (1694) instructs his fair readers how to make clove, musk, myrrh, rose, marjoram, and violet powders for their hair, and divers compound powders wherewith to perfume their hands and bodies, telling them 'perfumes of these sort add the rose's sweetness to the lily's loveliness of your snowy hands. Scent your gloves with perfumes, and those that take you by the hand shall find all pleasures grasped in a handful, wherein all ravishing objects are, that can convey those charming delights to the admiring fancy, that pleases the sight and feasts the feeling with its downy softness, and the smelling with perfume.' At this period, too, perfumed cakes were used to diffuse odour in rooms, when thrown upon the fire. Eighty years afterwards, the fashionable scents were

Amber, musk, and bergamot,
Eau de chypre, eau de luce,
Sanspareil and citron juice.

Brummell declared against the use of perfumes by the male sex; and since his time, gentlemen have eschewed essences, and it is no longer possible to smell a beau before one sees him. Perfumes have held their ground better among the fairer half of creation, but are not employed by them to anything like the extent prevalent in days gone by.

Although the skill of the perfumer is chiefly exercised in extracting the odoriferous element from the sweet subjects of Flora, he is indebted to the animal kingdom for two of his most useful assistants, one of which possesses, when used in small quantities, the property of augmenting the odour of other substances without imparting its own, while the other is valuable in fixing the more volatile scents. The first of these substances is musk, a concrete material found in the musk deer, a small animal found in China, India, and Siberia. This is the most powerful of all perfumes, communicating its odour so readily to other objects, that the East India Company found it necessary to forbid its importation in vessels engaged in carrying tea. The origin of ambergris is more doubtful. It is found upon the sea-coast, or floating on the sea, and is supposed to be a morbid concrete thrown up by the spermaceti whale. In appearance it somewhat resembles amber, but unlike amber, it is fatty, opaque, and inflammable. The odour it contains is so strong that a box of it opened for a few minutes will perfume a large room, and so lasting as not to be removable by washing. Another animal perfume, civet, was once in great request. 'Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination,' says angry Lear; and Don Pedro can cite no stronger proof of Benedict's transformation from woman-hater into lover than the fact of his

rubbing himself with civet. It is now seldom used, except for scenting such articles as valentines and writing-desks.

Vegetable perfumes are of two sorts, one consisting of gum-resins and balsams, the other of essences, ottos, and esprits. The odorous gums are myrrh, frankincense (largely used for incense), gum-benjamin or benzoin (used for pastiles, sealing-wax, and court-plaster) gum-elemi, labdanum, and gum-copal. Balsams are mixtures of inodorous gums and odorous oils, the principal being balsam of Tolu, balsam of Peru, and balsam or balm of Gilead. These gum-resins and balsams are obtained either by incision or by boiling the branches and bark of the tree. Essences and ottos are extracted by four different methods, technically known as absorption, expression, maceration, and distillation. The seat of the essential oil is not always the blossom of the plant, sometimes it is extracted from the wood, as in santal and cedar; from the bark, as in cinnamon and cassia; from the root, as in the iris; from the fruit, as in bergamot, cedrat, pimenta, and dill; from the seed, as in caraway, anise, and almonds; from the leaves, as in laurel, and citronella. The orange-tree yields no less than three distinct scents—*Portugal*, from the rind of the fruit; *neroli*, from the flower; and *petit grain*, from the leaves.

The flowers of warm countries are most prolific in colour, but yield the palm of sweetness to the natives of colder climes. The majority of fragrant flowers are white, next in order comes red, then yellow and blue—orange and brown being least available to the perfumer, whose ingenuity is now chiefly exercised, and most profitably employed, in the preparation of simple essences, or compound 'bouquets,' for scenting handkerchiefs. Of simple essences, the most popular are rose, orange-flower, jasmine, tuberose, lavender, violet, lemon, bergamot, and patchouli. The last named is extracted from the stems and leaves of the patchouli, an herb growing abundantly in India and China. To uneducated noses, this fashionable scent is anything but agreeable, and it owes its reputation less to its own merits than to its connection with the beautiful productions of the looms of Cashmere. Orange-flowers, tuberose, and jasmine are grown principally in France, the last being perhaps the only perfume which defies imitation. Sicily is the principal producer of lemon and bergamot, two of the most useful of essences; Nice is famous for its violets; while England stands unrivalled for lavender, the produce of Hitchin and Mitcham being worth four times as much as that of other lavender-fields. The queen of the garden is also cultivated here for the manufacture of rose-water, but our growers cannot compete with their French rivals. The extent to which the rose is grown in France for commercial purposes may be judged from the fact of one manufactory at Cannes annually consuming one hundred and forty thousand pounds-weight of rose-leaves. The otto is produced by the simple distillation of the flowers in water, and is so valuable, that a superior sample has been appraised at as much as seven pounds sterling per ounce: it must, however, be remembered that it requires some five hundred pounds-weight of roses to yield that quantity of otto. The East is still famous for its rose-gardens of Broussa, Adrianople, Uslah, and Ghazepore. In a good season, the Balkan district yields seventy-five thousand ounces of otto, but the best otto comes from Cashmere. In India, the otto is diluted and adulterated in various ways; and the rose-leaved geranium is largely grown in Turkey and in France for the same dishonest purpose.

Many of the most odoriferous denizens of the garden are so tenacious of yielding up their sweetness as not to repay the labour of extraction, and compel the perfumer to exercise his skill in imitating their special odour, in order to satisfy the wishes of his customers. Nor is this task so difficult as it might

seem at first sight, for, by uniting certain essential oils in varying proportions, the scent of almost any flower may be satisfactorily imitated. Thus, jasmine, tuberose, orange, cassia, vanilla, and rose combined, pass for lily of the valley; the same ingredients, less cassia, serve for myrtle; and orange, violet, citron, almonds, and tuberose produce a close imitation of magnolia. In this way, too, are produced the essences sold as heliotrope, wall-flower, sweet-pea, laurel, eglantine, and honeysuckle. Eau-de-Cologne, which finds favour in every part of the world, is composed of the oils of lemon, citron, and orange, prepared from the fruit in different stages of maturity, which harmonise with each other so as to produce but one aromatic expression. Rodolentia is a combination of cloves and lavender. Frangipanni was invented by a noble of that name in the latter days of the Empire, and is composed of every known spice in equal proportions, with the addition of a little musk and some orris-root. His grandson digested this powder in spirit, and thereby produced a perfume of such lasting quality as to obtain for itself the title of 'the eternal perfume.'

Modern chemists have contrived to produce artificial essences of almond, pear, pine-apple, quince, and apple, closely resembling the real essences in scent and flavour; but although they are largely used by confectioners, we have the authority of Mr Piesse for saying, that they are useless to the perfumer, as all these ethers act on the olfactory nerve in the same manner as chloroform.

The doctors of the ancient world freely prescribed perfumes, particularly in cases of nervous disease; and we cannot understand why their successors so entirely ignore such means of cure. After the Dutch cut down the spice trees of Ternate, that island was scourged by epidemics to which it had before been a stranger; and it has been stated that no person employed in the perfume-manufactories of London or Paris has yet fallen a victim to cholera. Be this as it may, we cannot but believe, with Sir William Temple, that perfumes 'may have as much power for good as harm, and contribute to health as well as disease;' at any rate, the subject is well worthy the attention of medical experimentalists.

THE SHADOW UNDER THE YEW.

THERE sits a shadow under the yew,
Who, sun or moon, or light or dark,
Waits with a cruel gibber and grin
In the blind night or by the star-spark;
Or whether it rain with lashing rage,
Or whether it blow with a devil's force,
Sitting and counting the fresh grassed graves,
And the lying stones, each one o'er a core.

Under the shade of the churchyard yew
The dark thing sits and counts the graves,
That Dead Sea—lulled in a treacherous calm
That billows around him in grass-green waves—
And when I see him, I tread so soft,
And I scarcely dare to draw my breath,
For hearse-plume black is the yew-tree's shade,
And the name of that terrible shape is DEATH.

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